



A LITERARY AND CRITICAL GAZETTE.

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FOR THE ARIEL.

THE BOOK WORM.—NO. 1.

It was a pensive evening in October; the sun had just set; and the shadows of twilight had just begun to extend over the far western hills, as I turned my steps towards Philadelphia, from High street Bridge on the Schuylkill. —I had been out all day, with the last Waverly novel (thanks to the Franklin Library,) under my arm. The day had been to me one of intellectual luxury. I had foregone the pleasure of dining upon some fine roast beef, with the appurtenances thereunto belonging, and the rich dessert which always succeeds it, at my hotel. —But, from the time I opened the magic page, the wisdom and eloquence of the Great Enchanter, caused me to forget all things but the web of his unequalled fancy. As I slowly sauntered homewards, my mind gradually and insensibly led me to a kind of rhapsody on books. Here, I had passed the day on the banks of the gentle Schuylkill, with my cloak wrapped round a bosom completely at ease, and a heart which only throbbed with pleasure, while the trance of the Magician was upon me. A book!—Gentle reader, I mean not the dull tomes which barren heads have engendered; I mean not that dull spring which causes men to put forth leaves to the world, without promise or beauty, and which like the desolate fig-tree, is soon withered away; even as the "paper reeds by the brook it vanishes," and straight is seen no more. The author's page sinks unheeded in the stream of time, who has not something new to characterise his labors in this degenerate age, when poetry appears to be the Philosopher's stone, which all are seeking and few finding;—when clergymen leave the pulpit, and sailors the sea to mingle with those who delve in books, till they become inspired, and then go forth, "to list to nature's teachings," and pourtray to the world, scenes, which their own brain conceived and brought forth; incidents which make the reader to shrink, with amazement, or laugh, with his mouth extended to such a length, that it appears a vast gap, at the extreme ends of which, his ears appear.—I mean the books which genius, in his inspired mood, gives like sunbeams to the world. How many such have brightened in the ages of the past—how many more will brighten in ages yet to come! As for me, I have no hopes of becoming a book-maker; my moments of intellectual rapture are born and kindled from the torch of other and more gifted minds, and I claim only the privilege of being considered a book-worm. I am a little old bachelor; I have a good apartment to myself, and my landlord is

kind;—though I am ashamed to say, that he has over charged me in his ac't. of beer between meals.—But, a book is my delight; it is my comfort; a newspaper is pleasant; but it is only the shadow of that great and beautiful substance, a good book itself. I like history;—I love shipwrecks; I love novels and sermons.—I have shaken my sides, like one with the ague, over the saying of some by-gone wittol, or the pun of that inimitable, unapproachable Thomas Hood.—I vowed a solemn oath, courteous reader, that in justice to authors, and to book-sellers, whom I have no other means of serving, to speak of the books they print and publish, as I get a glance at them. This is to inform thee of my design; and hoping to speak to thee again of this matter, I remain thine, ever,

A BOOK WORM.

A MUCH-INJURED MAN.—George Talkington, once a celebrated horse-dealer at Uttoxeter, who died on the 18th of April, 1825, at Cheadle, Cheshire, Eng. in his 83d year, met with more accidents than probably ever befel any other human being. Up to the year 1793 they were as follows:—Right shoulder broken; skull fractured, and trepanned; left arm broken in two places; three ribs on the left side broken; a cut in the forehead: lancet case, flue case, and knife forced into the thigh; three ribs broken on the right side; and the right shoulder, elbow, and wrist dislocated; back seriously injured; cap of the right knee knocked off; left ankle dislocated; cut for a fistula; right ankle dislocated and hip knocked down; seven ribs broken on the right and left sides; kicked in the face, and the left eye knocked nearly out; the back again seriously injured; two ribs and breast bone broken; got down and kicked by a horse, until he had five holes in his left leg; the sinew just below the right knee cut through, and two holes in that leg, also two shocking cuts above the knee; taken apparently dead seven times out of different rivers.

Since 1793, (when a reference to these accidents were given to Mr. Madely, surgeon of Uttoxeter,) right shoulder dislocated and collar bone broken; seven ribs broken; breast bone laid open, and right shoulder dislocated, and left arm broken; two ribs broken, and right thigh much bruised near the pope's eye. In 1819, then in his 76th year, a lacerated wound in the calf of his leg, which extended to the foot, mortification of the wound took place, which exposed all the flexor tendons of the foot, also the capsular ligaments of the ankle joint; became delirious, and so continued upwards of three weeks; his wonderful recovery from this accident

was attributed chiefly to the circumstance of a friend having supplied him with a quantity of old Madeira, a glass of which he took every three hours, for eight weeks, and afterwards occasionally. Since then, in 1823, in his eightieth year he had a mortification of the second toe of the right foot, with exfoliation of the bone, from which he recovered, and at last died from gradually declining old age. He was the father of eighteen children, by one wife, in fifteen years, all of whom he survived, and married again at the age of seventy-four.

FOR THE ARIEL.

BOYISH RECOLLECTIONS.

Oh there were scenes I early lov'd,
In boyhood's reckless hours—
Beneath unclouded skies I rov'd,
Thro' pleasure's sun-lit bow'rs.

I then could list to some sweet song,
As Time pass'd swift away,
Could mingle with the world's gay throng,
And be as blithe as they.

Hope pencil'd many a picture then—
I thought without alloy;
For I knew not the arts of men—
I was an artless boy.

I thought the world a gay romance,
Where fairy beings crowd,
And thus bewilder'd in the trance,
My little heart grew proud.

But of the law to mortals giv'n,
Oh I was very dumb;
I thought the way was short to heav'n,
And man might go and come.

And now, alas! I oft deplore
Those dreams as "false as bright,"
The earth's a paradise no more,
And heav'n is out of sight.

Yet God is righteous, man should know,
Whose mandate thus is giv'n;
He must become a saint below,
Who fain would come to heav'n. T.

FOR THE ARIEL.

IMPROMPTU.

"This church," says Bob, "I don't admire,
(When once upon a country route)
For it has neither bell nor spire,
To point the little village out."

"But stop," says Frank, quite frank and free,
"Friend Bob I cannot think with you,
For only look and you may see,
A village belle in yonder pew." TOM.

At the late election in Portsmouth, N. H. a boy who had been trampled on at the east end of Jefferson hall, on being raised up, travelled to the west end over the heads of those who had thrown him down. The boy while walking above the heads of the throng, observed—"See how I make my foes my footstool!"

FOR THE ARIEL.

"Misses! the tale that I relate,
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."

Were I about to relate any thing but what has actually taken place, I should calculate upon a severe reproof from my friends, the ladies; for I am well aware that the sentiment contained in my motto is a very unpopular one. But notwithstanding we are slow to profit by the experience of others, it is, nevertheless, the duty of every essayist, occasionally, to point out those unhappy shipwrecks which so frequently occur in the voyage of human life, together with the causes which produce them. I shall, therefore, without further apology, proceed to my story:

Now, of all the celebrations that draw young people together, a marriage celebration is, in my opinion, the most innocent and amusing—there are so many pretty girls, whose pure white dresses rival the unsullied snow, and whose cheeks may well vie with the first blown rose of the morning—and young men too, dressed in the best attire, forming by themselves a social circle, on an interesting tete-a-tete with blushing, blooming maidens. But in all this groupe, over which the little and triumphant urchin, Cupid, presides, perhaps garrulous old age performs not the least interesting part; they seem again to live over the days of their youth—to enjoy with renewed relish their boyhood courtships, and the triumph of a half-yes—and a half-no-consent, of some beauty of the olden time. The parson too, partakes of the general feeling, and relates many an anecdote of storms of rain, and snow, encountered to join the hands of runaway lovers.

After a few moments of bustle, moving of chairs, changing of seats, and trimming of lights—all is still—and then you see enter the room the bride, conducted by the bridegroom, and both escorted by little angel-like looking nymphs, bearing in their hands burning tapers—in a few moments more the ceremony is over—that knot so much talked of, so much laughed about, is tied—and then comes the wine, and then the pound cake, and the comforts, and the wonders, and the kisses, (cake ones I mean) and love in the puff and sweet hearts, and a hundred others that none but a love sick girl could have invented—Now, all these things put together, make what is called in modern times, a wedding.

At pretty much such a scene as this, which I have been trying to describe, I became acquainted with the gay Ludovicus, and the pretty Clarissa; it was their wedding night; joy beamed in every countenance, and though Greece might exult in the mingled beauties combined in her Venus De Medicis, I am sure that this celebrated beauty would have found many rivals even in this little circle; and Clarissa here stood fairest of the fair. Her form was symmetry itself, and her countenance, though it might not be so image-like as some, still it possessed, clearly delineated, the lines of beauty, and what gives a still greater charm, good sense, and an amiable disposition. In the dance that was called up after the old folks had retired, she moved in all its mazes so gracefully, so sylph-like that one would have thought that the graces, in a frolicsome mood, lavished upon her what they so sparingly bestow upon others. Ludovicus was genteel in appearance—evidently a ladies' man, and in his manners what we would term of the dandy cast. The party broke up, as all such parties must, and

each one hied to his particular home. I to the dwelling of my friend, where I designed to spend a few weeks. Now thus far all was certainly very pleasant; the parties were pleased with each other, and all were pleased with the wine and cake. So in this particular all weddings are pretty much alike; but the result is often vastly different.

During my residence in the neighborhood, I had a good opportunity to become well acquainted, not only with the character, but with the history of the young married couple. I found that Ludovicus had inherited a few thousand dollars from his deceased parents, and that he had consequently lived idly, dressed richly, and rode a fine horse, until he was destitute of fixed moral principles. Sported some, and occasionally got a little merry over a glass of wine with his friends. Clarissa was an only daughter, reputedly worth about ten thousand; she was beautiful, as I have before stated, and of course in the estimation of her doting parents, did not need any education, save what could be taught at the piano, and dancing school. She was in her fifteenth year, and consequently poorly qualified to make that most important of all changes—the choice of a partner for life—but she had got married, and that is more than all girls do—yes, she had got married!—The whip cracked, and the gig rolled off merrily; the plated harness glittered in the sunbeams that shone upon her without an obtruding cloud—the common people gazed, as her gay plumes waved in the cool breeze that sprung up to refresh her—the birds chaunted their sweetest notes to celebrate her nuptials—and the moon too, shot a more silvery ray as it rose upon the happy pair—yes, she was happy, and why not be happy?—for she had succeeded in getting married even before she was fifteen, and she was rich, and was snugly settled in an elegant though small house, presented them by her father. Here it was I took my leave of them, after a most interesting, though short acquaintance. It was but five weeks before that I had seen them join their hands in pledge of mutual, constant affection, and when I came to bid them adieu, the thought that she was young, innocent, and confiding, forced the tears to my eyes—for I already feared that the sun which now shone upon her in all the beauty of a summer's morning, might, before it reached its meridian, be enveloped in the angry clouds of an autumnal equinox.

Leaving here, I travelled in different, and distant parts of the country, and after an absence of nearly four years, again concluded to visit my old friends, and was not a little influenced in my determination, by a desire to see my new ones. It was somewhere about the last of April, on a morning that poets might praise, for every thing in nature looked smilingly—the birds seemed chaunting their merriest notes to their new loves—and the lambskins jumped merrily in their little sports—vigilant industry was visible in all the fields: and men, and beasts, and birds, seemed happy, and at their happiness all nature seemed to smile a willing approbation. In the afternoon of such a morning as this, I arrived in the neighborhood of my friends, my feelings strongly partaking of the gaiety around me, when, on turning a short angle in the road, a different spectacle gave them a different cast—it was a funeral procession. In respectful silence, I waited until all had passed, and turned my horse into the rear, and followed to the grave, not recognized by any. After the services were over I

sought my friend among the crowd. Mutual joy was felt and expressed for the privilege we again enjoyed in seeing each other after so long an absence. I enquired after Ludovicus and Clarissa. Ludovicus, he said, was a wretch—he spent in dissipation the dower of his wife, and has fled where it is to be hoped Divine vengeance will overtake him—but what was once the beautiful Clarissa, you have just seen laid beneath the cold and silent clod. She has sunk under the weight of her accumulated troubles, having lost her parents the year after you left us. Yes, there she lies; and may the fond remembrance of her, teach all that a proper time of life to get married is of as much importance as to obtain a proper partner.

HORATIO.

From the Baltimore Gazette, Nov. 15.

An Extraordinary Agreement.—An honorable senator, member of the Bar, and supporter of the present administration, received, a few weeks since, from a Jacksonian, one hundred dollars, as a consideration for an agreement in writing, to pay the Jacksonian one cent for the first electoral vote above one hundred and thirty, which General Jackson will obtain, two cents for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on doubling for each additional vote. The lawyer on receiving the \$100, pocketed it with great apparent satisfaction, declaring that "he had never obtained a fee so easily in his life!"—From present appearances, however, the result may not be so agreeable to him as it will be amusing to some of your readers to examine the following calculation, extended only to thirty votes, of which number at least it is probable General Jackson will receive above 150. It may be gratifying to the senator's friends to learn, that the Jacksonian has liberally offered to release him on payment of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

1	1	16	367,68
2	2	17	735,36
3	4	18	1,470,72
4	8	19	2,941,44
5	16	20	5,882,81
6	32	21	11,886,76
7	64	22	23,531,52
8	1,28	23	47,063,04
9	2,56	24	94,126,08
10	5,12	25	188,232,16
11	10,24	26	376,404,32
12	20,48	27	753,008,64
13	40,96	28	1,506,017,28
14	81,92	29	3,012,034,56
15	163,84	30	6,024,069,12

A few days ago a professional gentleman in Hull left a valuable gold watch upon his desk, which was soon after seen in possession of a cat, who was hurrying down stairs with it in her mouth, with as much haste and anxiety as if it had been prey of a different description. On being examined, the works were found much injured; and the watchmaker stated it was the third instance, within his knowledge, in which watches had been damaged in a similar way. Puss thought, no doubt, from the ticking of the watch, that it was an animal, and might afford her a meal.

ALDERMAN NUGENT'S BON MOT.—The lady of a newly-made Knight being asked to drink a glass of wine, refused, "because," she said, "her physician had put her upon a *regiment* which was to drink water."—"Then Madam," replied the Alderman, "I presume you belong to the *Cold-stream*."—[The Coldstream Guards.]

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A SABINE WEDDING.

Yesterday morning the neighborhood of St. George's Church, in the Borough, was thrown into a state of considerable agitation by the following singular scene:—A few minutes before eleven o'clock, a tolerably pretty looking girl, apparently under 18, decked out with a great profusion of bridal ornaments, was seen rushing out of the front door of the church, and flying down the street with great velocity. In a few seconds the fair fugitive was pursued by a very old man, upon whose head some sixty summers had spent their fury; a lameness in one of his feet seemed to render the contest a very equal one. However, the venerable bridegroom (for such in fact, he was,) forgetting his years and infirmities, chased the lovely runaway with an ardour that would have done honor to his more juvenile days. The race was long and ably contested. The young lady took the footpath, while the old man, with more prudence, kept the carriage road. Ever and anon did she cast an anxious look behind; but, alas! the crowded state of the footway presented so many obstructions to her course, that notwithstanding the start, and considerable fleetness in her favor, her pursuer at length overtook her. He put his arms round her, but she obstinately refused to return; wherefore, finding intreaty ineffectual, he took her in his arms, and amidst the loud huzzas of the multitude which the novelty of the scene had attracted to the spot, bore her back triumphantly to the church. Curiosity prompted us to enter with the party, when we learned that the bride had been waiting the old fellow's arrival nearly an hour; and when at last he did come, indignant at the want of ardor he evinced by delaying so long, she never would have a man who kept her waiting at the altar, and rushed out of the church, as already described. The master and mistress of the girl, and by whom she was very much respected, attended; but her master, when he saw the frightful disparity between the parties, absolutely refused to give her away; so that the parish-clerk was at length prevailed upon to act as *papa*, when the bride pledged her troth to "obey" with a pouting sullenness that gave a bad omen that she will long remember her promise. After waiting upwards of two long hours in the vain hope that the crowd assembled outside the church to witness their departure would disperse, the party had to make their exit by a private door.—*Times*.

RING-DROPPING.

The old trick of ring-dropping, on what may be called a dashing scale, was played off successfully, in this town, on Friday last, the 12th inst. A countryman whose name we need not mention, while moving quietly along Buccleuch-street, overtook an imposing genteel sort of personage, who with cane in hand, was busy poking at the outside of a parcel which he appeared to have discovered lying on the street. The countryman stopped, as most people would, and then the other exclaimed, as if to himself "I wonder what the deuce we've got here?" "A parcel, sure enough," was the prompt reply; "but had we no better see what's in't?" On this the stranger affected indifference, talked of being in a great hurry, and seemed about to move off, when the other insisted that he should stay and see what he had found. On consenting to do so, the honest rustic, though his hands are far less pliable than those of a nimble draper's apprentice,

proceeded to unloose the fastenings of the parcel, and anon displayed as many glittering rings, seals, watch-chains, &c. as would suffice to set a pedlar up in business. If the eyes of one glistened at the sight, those of the other concealed well the thoughts that were passing within. "Let's tell the town crier, and we'll maybe find an owner," was the natural exclamation of the countryman; but "Poh," said the other, "don't you see it has been dropped by some fashionable family passing through town, as we're both strangers, where's the use of bothering ourselves about the matter?" This reasoning fairly conquered the rustic's scruples, and then the *enemy* offered him a pound or a shilling for his share. But no; good luck was not to be parted with so easily, and just as they were engaged in debating the matter, a man with a white apron *accidentally* came up, to whom the stranger halloed, "Come this way I say, and tell us if you know any thing of the value of that there parcel?" The man approached, and examining the packet, said, "I should know something of the value of the goods, as I happen to be a working goldsmith, and, in my opinion, they're worth 14l. or guineas." "And will you give that for them?" rejoined the other. "If I don't give it, I'll get it, if you'll come along with me." "A bargain," said the stranger; but immediately checking himself, added, "as my time is nearly up, I'll take 6l. for my share, although I have a good right to the whole." The *ruse* took; the countryman on retiring to a public-house, called on a friend from whom he borrowed the "siller," and then followed the man with the white apron, while the stranger pursued his own path. Left to themselves, the pair wended their way up Buccleuch street, and then down High street, until they arrived opposite Mr. Little's shop. And the *accomplice* with the white apron, asked for the parcel that he might procure the price of it. But the other, who by this time was perhaps seized with compunctious visitings, said "No, bring first the cash, and then you'll get the goods." "Very well," said the other, "you can just stay there till I come," and immediately dived down Mr. Little's close. This part of the business was well managed; for Mr. Affleck, grocer, has both a back and front door, and the accomplice by entering by the first, made an errand of buying a pen-orth of tobacco, and retreated by way of Bank street, though asked to go the same road he came. During the short time he stayed, he kept a sharp look out at the back door; and long after he was gone, the countryman entered, and asked the shopman if he had seen *such and such a man*. On being told the truth, he appeared quite *dumfounded*, and, though close enough at first, revealed the secret to a friend before he left town. But when pressed to apply to the police for redress, he positively declined, on this ground, that he "wad rather loose the 6l. than hae any mair fash about it, and mak' himsel' a laughin' stock to the hale country." The value of the parcel is said to be 18d or 2s. 6d.—*Dumfries Courier*.

In 1523, the astrologers having prophesied incessant rains and fearful floods, the abbot of Bartholomew, in Smithfield, built a house on Harrow-the-Hill, and stored it with provisions. Many persons followed his example and repaired to high places. However, no extraordinary floods appearing, the disappointed soothsayers pacified the people by owning themselves mistaken just one hundred years in their calculation.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

HANNAH MORE, a lady who has, for a length of time, held a conspicuous place in the literary world, is the youngest of five daughters of a clergyman, who resided near Bristol, England, and who was distinguished for his classical knowledge and goodness of heart. At an early period, the subject of this sketch, discovered a taste for literature, which she cultivated during her leisure hours. Having read through all the works in her paternal library, she put in requisition, the books of her village friends. During this period her sisters conducted a small school, in which they acquitted themselves so well, that, at the solicitation of several ladies of fortune and discernment, they were induced to remove to Bristol, and open a boarding school, which afterwards became one of the most celebrated in England. Miss H. More accompanied her sisters, and assisted them in their laudable employ, where she acquired the friendship of the Rev. Dr. Stonehouse, who not only encouraged, but improved her literary taste. Her first work, "The Search after Happiness," appeared in 1779, was favorably received, and induced her to publish "Sir Elder of the Bower," "The Bleeding Rock," and a tragedy, called "The Inflexible Captive," founded on the story of Regulus. By Dr. Stonehouse's kindness, she was introduced to Mr. Garrick, who advised her to write for the stage. In consequence of her acquaintance with the inimitable actor, she wrote "Percy," a tragedy, which was well received, and established her fame as a dramatic writer. Her thoughts, however, soon took a more serious turn; and in 1782, she published "Sacred Dramas," and took the opportunity to declare, that she did not think the stage, in its present state, becoming the countenance of a Christian, and she renounced all dramatic attempts, except as poems. In 1786, she published "Flora," a tale, and the "Bas blue, or Conversation," two poems; "Thoughts on the manners of the Great" was published in the same year anonymously, and was for some time assigned to Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Porteus, and others. This was soon followed by "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," which excited much attention. About this period she formed a society for instructing the poor in the duties of the Christian religion, and devoted much of her time to this charitable object. The Sunday schools, likewise, owe much of their success to her pen and indefatigable exertions. In short, whether we view her as a public or private character, goodness of heart seems blended with comprehensive powers of mind. This excellent woman has long been confined to her chamber by a distressing malady, but still employs her pen, in writing for the press. In this state, she has produced some of her best performances, among which are "Hints toward forming the Character of a young Princess;" "Celebs in Search of a Wife," which appeared in 1809, and was so much admired, that it ran through ten editions in one year. "Practical Piety," in 1811. "Christian Morals," in 1815; "Moral Sketches," in 1819. Her works have been published in this country in nine volumes.

A late Vandalia Intelligencer calculating the increase of the population of Indiana, in the last two years, observes that, "allowing five souls to each voter, we have derived from emigration an accession of 20,000."

In London, recently, Thomas Davis was found guilty of stealing newspapers, and sentenced to transportation. Good.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 15.

The Philadelphia Typographical Society drank some good toasts at their late anniversary, though most of them were rather flat. We subjoin those worth republishing.

Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures—Three great founts of Columbian industry—an equal distribution of protection will secure a National prosperity.

The Army and Navy—They have proved that in column or in line they can alike be victorious.

Our departed Brethren—Their forms have been distributed in Nature's cases, for the Great Compositor to set up anew.

Heroes of the Revolution—Champions in the turn-out for freedom—their splendid works are registered in history as a guide to posterity.

Benevolent Societies—Fount cases for the distressed—may they never be out of sorts.

The Press—The stay and the lever of popular Government—may it unlock the bars of ignorance and cast abroad the rays of truth and toleration.

Miseries of Authorship.—We mentioned in our last paper, that William Leggett, Esq. of New York, had established a literary paper called the Critic. In the second number of that paper is a review of the Atlantic Souvenir, in which Mr. Leggett mentions the following fact—

"As an evidence of the liberality of these gentlemen, (Carey, Lea, and Carey) we cannot refrain from relating the following circumstances: The editor of this paper had written a tale, (called 'The Rifle,') which, being at the time under the pressure of pecuniary want, he was about disposing of to the editor of a periodical in this city, for the sum of eight dollars; but receiving a letter from Messrs. Carey, Lea, and Carey, soliciting a contribution for their forthcoming Souvenir, (1828) he transmitted it to them, asking nine dollars for it, and stating that the better part of three days had been occupied in composing it. In reply to this letter, he received a communication from them, enclosing sixty dollars!"

The story of *The Rifle* had what is called a good run—that is, it was extensively copied by the newspapers, from one extremity of the Union to the other, all of them stating that it was "from the Atlantic Souvenir." Sixty dollars would seem a high price, at first view, for a tale of moderate length: yet we have no doubt the one in question was of twice as much service to them as the sum they paid for it; because, the tale being a good one, it was widely copied, and the name and merits of the Souvenir were at the same time spread before an audience of at least a million readers, with each of whom it answered the purpose of an advertisement, yet without putting the publishers to the expense of advertising.

A Wedding Ring.—We were looking the other day at that "tool of matrimony," as it used formerly to be called in England, a Wedding Ring. What a crowd of reflections can one who is given to dreams by daylight, and prone to feed his thought from every little affair that chance may throw in his way, conjure up from the Wedding ring! It speaks of the lover's wooing—of the twilight walk, or the kiss by moonlight—of the acceptance of his hand and heart by the blushing maid, and the consummation of their happiness by means of that little ring! The antiquity of the custom of marriage by the Wedding or Gimmel-ring, as it was denominated in other days, deserves a passing notice. and while the practice is venerable, and comes to us, from the renowned of old, we see no reason why it should not continue to be in vogue. There is something so expressive and touching in the ceremony itself. The presentation of a ring from a swain to his mistress has always been considered a token of affection; and thus, to have the ceremony of marriage performed by a ring, it will carry back the minds of the pair to "their whole course of love;" the silent glance at church; the long array of "fears, and hopes that sprung from fears," assurances, vows, and all the paraphernalia of sighs and tears, that go to make up a real wooing-scene,

will throng fresh upon their minds. It creates by retrospect, a continual keeping up of the affections; and by the magic of its silent eloquence, affects much more than the remembrance of some hasty words said before the venerable man, when the hearts of both were in a palpitation of contending emotions.

It is probably the case, that in conformity to ancient usages, recorded in Scripture, the christian church adopted the use of the ring in the ceremony of marriage. In the early ages of the world, the presentation of a ring not only denoted a favor to the receiver, but was an evidence of authority on the part of the giver. Pharaoh gave his ring to Joseph after this manner, as well as Ahasuerus to his favorite Haman, and to Mordecai, who succeeded him in his dignity. The conspicuous part which the ring has borne in all ages, leads us to regard it with a kind of pleasing reverence. How many an innocent and trusting heart has been made glad by the reception of that token of her admirer's constancy! The Border Minstrelsy of Scotland, and the Ancient English Poetry bear testimony of the respect and admiration with which it was then regarded. Its brightness tells of the light of the days of early affection—of the unchanging glow of the lover's and the husband's flame. It causes a repose and confidence in the breasts of the united—because, as the ring hath no end, so shall the affection of the pair be without a conclusion.

The Season.—Who that has numbered his twenty or thirty years, but has written or talked sentimentally upon the Autumnal Season? Its pervading pensiveness seizes all. It is not alone confined to the rural laborer who casts in his grain as the haze of an Indian summer gathers above the woodlands, awakening in him a kind of solemn and devotional feeling;—It pours its chastened light along the dim and bustling streets of the city, where men are only reminded of its approach, by the yellow leaves that eddy along the garden walks, or as they perceive the venerable trees of some public square, giving their sere honors to the wind. There are more thoughts, we believe, in the contemplative mind, at this season of the year, which have less of earth in them than heaven, than any other of our changeful hours can bring. It is not that verdure will no longer brighten on the spray of summer, or the early buds arise from the dust in spring; it is not a lament over the wasted leaf or the perished flower; but that subduing reflection that the year, now in its "sere and yellow leaf," brought with it hopes which time has proved unrealized; vain dreams of success which the touch of reality has obliterated, and longings which were futile, for riches in a moment, and a golden harvest of honors in a little year. But it reminds man, that though Nature is continually changing, and ever springing into new beauty from the faded leaves of the past, that when his bright summer shall have ended—when the even-tide of his existence gathers around him, the long sleep of death will settle upon his ashes—his unconscious bosom will go back unto its kindred dust;—the light of spring will not renovate his spirit, or the peaceful murmurs of the summer-bird or brook rejoice his ear.

There is, however, a kind of tranquilizing delight with which we may regard the autumnal hour. It teaches us to look back upon the chequered thoroughfare of our existence; to glean lessons from the past, whereby to regulate ourselves in the future; and more especially it causes the editor to rejoice, who would be a man of peace; prompting him to make a new pen for interesting news and literature—and while the "cold November rain" is pattering at his casement, and bidding, (if perchance he hath money enough in his purse) to lay up his winter's stock of coal, he laughs audibly for joy that the election is over—that the political storm has brewed, arisen, and passed away—that he can exercise his wonted prerogatives of selecting his own matter, without a solitary demagogue at his elbow; he can crack nuts, as well as jokes;

drink a neutral mug of cider, in place of a bitter political toast in musty sherry—and now last, not least, can he take pains to please his readers, and a cigar to please himself; for, truly, the vapour of it is a luxury for the mouth, and a sweet-smelling savour for the olfactory.

Harry Beaufoy, or the Pupil of Nature: by Maria Hack.—A valuable little book, of the above title, has just been published by Thomas Kite, of this city. It is written in imitation of Paley's celebrated works on Natural Theology, but with particular care to render every thing entirely intelligible to the junior branches, and avoiding every thing calculated to bewilder or confuse. A good work of this kind was wanted; and now that one is to be had, it should be introduced into our schools.

Familiar Illustrations of the Principal Evidences and Designs of Christianity:—by Maria Hack.—Another volume, bearing the above title, has also issued from the press of Mr. Kite. We have looked through it with some care, and from a perusal, believe it to be a work exceedingly appropriate for the juvenile mind. The mysteries of our religion are happily illustrated in the familiar discourse of Mrs. Beaufoy and her son Harry, a lad whose many enquiries for explanations of sacred things are satisfactorily answered by his mother, and in a way perfectly intelligible to the juvenile capacity. The volume would be a valuable addition to those already used in our schools.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

The sun arose that solemn morn
In glory from the East,
And threw a flood of golden light
Along the watery waste.
No gale swept o'er the stirless sea,
To wake its glassy sleep;
An awful silence brooded o'er
That ocean dark and deep.

At dawn of day, a gallant barque
Lay proudly on the main,
Whose towering masts on wind and storm
Looked downward in disdain;
Her white sails to the massy spars
In sluggish stillness clung;
And midway on the mighty mast,
The starry pennon hung.

But ah! within that proud ship's breast
The silent tear was shed,
And the low melting voice of grief
Was wailing o'er the dead—
The boldest of her fearless crew
Had yielded up his breath,
And on the deck his manly limbs
Lay stiff and cold in death.

He died upon the pathless sea,
When the dark storm was hush'd,
And brightly o'er the western sky
The gleams of sunset gush'd—
When Ocean's blue expanse was still,
And evening sky was fair,
And soft the zephyr's gentle breath
Wafted his dying prayer.

Slowly and sadly on the air
The solemn death-notes swell,
In mingled, mournful, sorrowing tone
Of trumpet, drum, and bell—
They heard the coffin's sullen plunge—
Saw the bright waters close—
Tears dimm'd each eye—on every lip
"Farewell!" "Farewell!" arose.

They thought upon his widowed bride,
Far on a distant shore,
And the sweet babe whose lingering eye
Would see its sire no more.
They thought upon his early hopes,
Blighted and wreck'd so soon—
His sun of life, "shorn of its beams,"
At manhood's glorious noon.

But the loud whistle broke the dream—
The mournful reverie fled,
The canvass caught the fresh'ning gale,
And swiftly on they sped.
Yet never from those sailors' minds
His memory shall fade,
Whose form beneath the dark blue flood
That solemn morn they laid. IGNATIUS.

LITERATURE

Original notice of "Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination of the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia: By an Officer of the Colombian Navy. 2 vols. London, 1828."

Seldom have we read a work of more interest than this. The author is a soldier by profession, and he narrates every thing with a soldier's pen. The horrors of that dreadful war of extermination are portrayed with harrowing minuteness; and the blood runs cold while reading the unheard of atrocities of the two contending armies. In Colombia and Venezuela, the war against the sovereignty of Ferdinand was carried on by both parties with a fearful waste of human life, and with every act of cruelty which ingenuity could suggest. MORILLO, the commander of the royal forces, first began it: for he says in one of his letters to Ferdinand, in justification of his wanton murders, "by thus cutting off all those found in arms, I hope to effectually arrest the spirit of revolution." Finding that no stop could be put to the atrocities of the Spaniards, the Republicans immediately retaliated on all who fell into their hands—so that very soon after the contest began, it changed emphatically into a war of victory or death.

In the midst of this perilous contest, our author spent three years in the Colombian service, and during that time had many opportunities of seeing the horrible barbarities committed on both sides. He speaks in the highest terms of General ARISMENDEZ, of the patriot service, and relates the following anecdote, in proof of his inflexible devotion to the cause:—

While General Morillo and his forces remained at Margarita, the last time, Madame Arismendez, a very beautiful and interesting woman, the second wife of the General, then far advanced in pregnancy, while bathing at night in the river which runs through La Cuidad, was captured by a detachment of the Spanish army, and carried to head-quarters. Arismendez vowed a ten-fold vengeance when he ascertained his loss; and immediately sallied forth with a numerous body of men, at the head of whom he attacked the enemy, slew a great number of them, and took a colonel and one hundred and sixty soldiers prisoners. This colonel, who was reputed the best officer in Morillo's army, and was that leader's greatest favorite, had proved himself the most merciless destroyer of the Margaritanians, which being known to Arismendez, the latter had been for a long time endeavoring to capture him; and having now succeeded, his doom was instantly fixed. When Morillo received intelligence of this disaster from the few who had escaped (as a Spaniard would have been killed by the piquets before he could have reached the infuriated general,) he despatched a little native boy, one of his prisoners, with a note, proposing to restore Madame Arismendez if his officer were sent back unhurt; and declaring that she should be put to death if he were not. The soldiers had already been slain when the note arrived: to which General Arismendez composed an answer, conformably to the following translation:—

"General Arismendez wars not with women, but against the Spaniards the enemies of his country, and the disgrace of human nature. General Morillo may act as he pleases towards the wife of Arismendez: dear as she is to him, he holds the safety of his country dearer; and before the bearer of this sets out on his return, the monster whose hands have been so often steeped in the blood of its unoffending inhabitants, will be dead."

The above letter having been written,

the sons of Arismendez drew lots to determine which should execute the prisoner. Chance decided for the youngest, who separated the officer's head from his body with a macetti, in the presence of the boy-messenger, who was then sent back to his employer. On receiving the answer of Arismendez, Morillo was on the point of putting his fair captive to death, when some of his officers, moved by her pitiable situation and tears, diverted him from his purpose, and she was sent prisoner to Spain, and confined in the fortress of Cadiz. From this place, after an imprisonment of a few days only, she contrived to escape in the habit of a seaman; and as she spoke the Spanish language equal to a native, she managed to get on board a merchant vessel in that capacity, which was about to sail. This vessel was soon after captured by a Venezuelan privateer, off the Western Islands; and in it, as a prize, she now sailed in triumph to her husband. When she landed at Margarita, all the females of the island assembled on the beach to receive her, and strewed the path from the shore to the general's house, upwards of four miles, with flowers. A car was also constructed, in which she was drawn to her home, within view of the Spaniards, who could witness the procession from their posts.

Our author succeeds in capturing a Spanish vessel loaded with dollars, which the government esteemed so seasonable a windfall, that he is invited to Angostura, and introduced to the House of Representatives. The following extract gives a melancholy picture of the finances of the government:

The Republic was at this time in a wretched state of insolvency, and the amount sent by Arismendez to the Congress, was a sum which it had not possessed for many months. Its poverty was plainly denoted by the appearance of its members, who more resembled a troop of mendicants than a body of legislators. Most of them were attired in a coarse striped, cotton shirt, with trowsers of the same material, patched in different directions; a straw hat grown old and dirty with constant wear, and a European blanket, with a hole cut in the centre for the head to pass through, thrown over the shoulders as a capote or cloak. Some few were fortunate enough to possess shoes or boots; others had the remains of them attached to their feet with little ropes made of cow-hide, termed sagos, in humble imitation of the Roman sandal; but by far the greater number had their feet wrapped in a piece of cow-hide, canvass, or blanket, while the whole of them were destitute of stockings. A worn-out, half-famished mule, adorned in some instances with a husar saddle and its trappings, but more commonly with a back galled by a seat somewhat resembling an English pack-saddle, a musket, and a machetti, completed their equipment; and thus attired and mounted, they rode in procession to the Government House on the three days a week appointed for their assembling.

A horrible duty was required at the hands of every officer—namely, whenever a quantity of prisoners were taken, they must assist the soldiers in putting them to death! This duty was not at all relished by our author. Captain CHITTY, under whose orders he then served, embarked his troops to storm the Moro, at the entrance of a navigable river, near Barcelona. The Spaniards who garrisoned the fort, made no resistance, but threw open the gates and delivered up their arms at the first summons.

The place was carried without the loss of a man; and now followed the necessity of witnessing the general massacre. This was the first scene of cool-blooded slaugh-

ter that I had ever witnessed; it was equally strange to many others; and a very terrific one it was. The Spaniards, who had behaved with great pusillanimity, had no sooner surrendered, than the natives, who had accompanied us, began their murderous work; and it was continued without intermission, until every individual of the entire 1,300 was despatched. Myself and the whole of the British kept aloof from this spectacle as much as possible, and did not interfere after the colors of the fort were struck; but it was impossible to avoid seeing the effects of the butchery, and the sight of so many mutilated creatures, some of whom still writhed in the agonies of death; their groans, the torrents of blood rushing on all sides, the shouts of the murderers, and their demon-like appearance as they slid over the mangled carcasses, covered with human gore, together with the heart-piercing cries for mercy of those who still lived, so shocked and disgusted me, that sickened at the appalling scene, I left the place, and went instantly on board; and I believe few of the British who witnessed these horrors, any more than myself, thought of eating for at least two or three days. I received a severe reprimand, as did my brother officers, and the seamen, for not having taken an active part in the slaughter; Admiral Brion, and subsequently General Urdenetta, both informed us, that as we had entered the service of Venezuela, we were expected to conform to its usages; and in future they insisted on our personal share of putting the prisoners to death. We made no reply; but I believe all inwardly resolved never to obey any such order.

Being at Cumana, the author there sees a body of South American Guerillas; who, according to his account, must be a fearful set to contend with, in spite of their tattered regimentals:—

We were received by Colonel (now General) Montes, and his band of guerillas, in number about six hundred, being the principal Independent force we had hitherto beheld since our arrival in the country. They resembled a horde of Italian banditti, rather than the regular troops of any government; and although hardy athletic fellows, they were evidently strangers to the comforts and conveniences of civilized life. They possessed but few accoutrements, and no regular uniform; and indeed as regards clothing of every description, they might be compared to the ragged regiment of the renowned Falstaff, except that bare as were the sack-loving knight's followers, they were much better provided with linen than these guerillas. A shirt and a half far exceeded the quantity Colonel Montes' band ever possessed. Their covering, on what was termed their field-days, chiefly consisted of a very coarse pair of cotton trowsers loosely made; some pieces of bullock's hide to envelope the feet instead of shoes, and which were fastened round the ankle with sagos. Their bodies, from the waist upwards, were quite naked, except that the head was crowned with a wide-brimmed straw hat, of firm and durable construction. In all instances their accoutrements were slung across their bare shoulders. The arms they carried were few, but in good condition; some among them had muskets and bayonets; others bore carbines and long lances; but their favorite weapon was the machetti, which with many constituted their sole essential for military operations. The only system of warfare with which they were acquainted, was of the same marauding description as that pursued by the Margaritani-

ans; united to bush-fighting, which is dreadfully harrassing to a marching army. In regular engagements they are never brought into action; it is only when the enemy is in fancied security within their encampments that they are of the least service; or when the opposing army is fatigued with long marches, worn out with hunger, and drenched with continued rains. In such cases they place themselves in the woods, whence they pounce upon their unprepared and exhausted victims, and the slaughter is dreadful. When an enemy is on the retreat, they are also employed in the manner of the Cossacks, to destroy all foraging parties, in which species of service they are expert to a degree of horror. Long practice, a great degree of muscular strength, and the excellent temper of their weapons, enable them to strike off the head of an opponent at a single stroke, or cleave the head and neck to the shoulders with the greatest ease.

While at Cumana he picked up a story of a British officer, Captain CHAMBERLAYNE and his wife. Cumana was once in possession of BOLIVAR, and was surrounded by the Spaniards. BOLIVAR left it to obtain supplies for the army, and invested Captain CHAMBERLAYNE with the command of the place. His orders were to hold out to the last extremity—in fact, to fight while he had a man to fight. In the absence of Bolivar the place was besieged by the Spaniards; and after an obstinate struggle of three weeks, he was beaten into the *casa forte*, or strong house, a kind of last resort, with which most towns in Colombia are furnished.

When the unfortunate Captain Chamberlayne entered the *casa forte* of Cumana, the time had passed when, according to his pledge, Bolivar should have returned to his assistance; but he still gallantly held out. For three days and three nights he resisted all the attempts of the enemy, fighting incessantly; and although destitute of provisions, he refused to surrender. At length some guns were brought up, and a bombardment commenced; still he would not yield; and did not despair until one end of the *casa forte* was beaten down, and the inhabitants who had entered it with him determined to surrender, in the vain expectation of receiving quarter. He addressed himself to them, and painted out the dreadful fate which awaited them, but they refused to listen. He then turned himself to a lovely young creature who had followed his fortunes from Caraccas, where they had been united, and to whom he was tenderly attached, and asked her if she would prefer sharing immediate death with him, to a lingering one from the hands of the Spaniards? She at once chose the former; and entreated him to put an end to her life at once; on which he instantly directed one pistol to her head, and another to his own; and the next moment the young, attached, and ill-fated pair, had ceased to exist. The Spaniards then entered at the invitation of the survivors, and in conformity to their usual custom put every individual of them to death.

The "Recollections" are full of incidents of the most interesting kind, and bear the stamp of authenticity. He suffers privations nearly equal to Captain Riley's—is glad to feed on horse flesh when he can get it, and endures the most dreadful privations. The terrific and protracted contest is very ably described, with many of its attendant horrors; and besides this, the work acquaints us with many geographical facts never before published.

Why does a waiter resemble a blood-horse?—Because he runs for the plate.

MY GREEN TABLE.

Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.—The first number of volume 1st, (new series) of this periodical, has lately appeared, under the editorial charge of Mr. Evans, a gentleman from Pittsburg, who has made his literary debut in a very neat and pertinent address. We wish the paper, and its new conductor, all the success in the world;—but we think, from the contents of the work before us, that his opinion on literary matters and things, would have been better received fifty years ago, than they will be in these latter days. The first article is on the present state of American Literature. There are certainly some fine passages in it; but the article is distorted to an unreasonable length—and often can only be said to be "words, words, words." If the Editor had resided any time in any of the cities in the states of New England or New York, he would find that an established literary man is viewed in a far different light than he has represented him; and we should have a contemptible opinion of the taste or refinement of that society, which would consider a person in literary pursuits as he has portrayed him. The next article is "The Progress of Literature in Pennsylvania." It is, we should imagine, the labor of an antiquarian; for he brings up authors of another day and generation:—The article is well written, in a free and pleasant style, and entirely liberated from overstrained expression.—We think we recognize in the signature the initials of a gentleman who has a fancy of his own, which is by no means a meagre one; and who has, aforesaid, told a good story. There is considerable interest in the Tale of "The Younger Brother;" but it is in some places carelessly executed. "Native Home," a poem, is smooth, and is the production of one whose numbers can discourse eloquent music, if he choose to take care in embellishment and revision. "The Outlaw of Slimish," is a kind of mawkish, sentimental story of Dr. McHenry—and we think some sections of it are very fair; but there is no plot,—no plot at all;—It is a long story about nothing; in occasional spots the language is well; in others, distorted and unnatural. The Doctor can write a very readable story; but one wishes his time back, as he draws to the close of the "Outlaw of Slimish." The tale is nothing more, we presume, than a record of some Irish squabble, aided by a little sprinkling of fancy, the appurtenance thereunto belonging—perhaps one or two added incidents, suggested by the run of the narrative itself. Next comes the "Reconnoiterer," a flippant off-hand string of words, flung together in repeated and vain attempts to reach the humorous. The Reconnoiterer speaks of a brother who died one day, in such an unfeeling manner that the intended wit is altogether lost. The author has shrewdness, and has tried to soften it, and touch it with one spark of humor; but he has failed. However, he has made it soft enough, as it stands. The next article in order is a Theatrical Address, ushered in by a high eulogium of the Editor. We will venture a dozen of wine, that the writer could not have procured its insertion in any daily or weekly paper in New York, or Boston; and we doubt whether he could effect it even in Philadelphia. It is prosaic in the extreme; and comes not up even to that long dead and extended flat, called mediocrity. A weekly newspaper avers that it is the work of an eminent lawyer of this city—but we do not believe it. If it is, the gentleman meant to burlesque; for a school boy can surpass it.—We do not wish to be hypercritical; but after three several readings, the pith of it has not struck us yet. Article 8, is a Review of "The Pleasures of Friendship," by Dr. McHenry. The Reviewer expatiates *ad infinitum*, before he begins to speak of the Poem, and commences thus:—"Few Poems of the present day, will, in our opinion, bear a comparison with M'Henry's Pleasures of Friendship." He then proceeds to extract, "speaking as he doth ruminate;" and if

any one has read Goldsmith, Dryden and Pope's Translations, Thomson and Falconer, he has seen the same things better expressed. We have read the Poem, and respect the author; yet we have never seen it reviewed with such sickening adulation until now. We have had Quarterly's and Monthly's almost equal to the present No. of the Monthly Magazine:—Have they ever eulogized it? We can only judge of it from the passages now extracted; and we have seen the same epithets and expressions, in other and older authors—and as for originality, we cannot observe any.—The Editor thinks highly of it, and he has a right to his opinion, as we to ours. The taste of the worthy Dr. is a century back; and although the Reviewer is delighted with the long-used measures of the Iliad of Homer, in a Poem possessed of none of his majesty or beauty, yet he deprecates strongly, in a preceding article, "an undue admiration of ancient writers and thinkers, and a proneness to imitate them." The best piece of rhythm that we have ever witnessed from the pen of McHenry, is recorded in the Souvenir of this year; and to that we can give its due praise. The first verse is beautiful; and the whole is smoothly written. The Reviewer of the "Pleasures of Friendship" has wandered out into an episode to sift the pretensions of Percival. He has been magnanimous towards that noble poet, having handled him without gloves; grinding his prose into verse, and his verse into prose. A paper of this city says it is ingenious. If there is ingenuity in *illiberality* and pointless sarcasm, then the article is *very* ingenious. When the Magazine reaches Boston, Percival may hang up his lyre, and taking his "Clio" and the rest of his "words, like spoken flowers" under his arm, march into the wave of Lethe. Let Halleck retire with his "Fanny;" Bryant with his "Thanatopsis;" Brooks with his flowing numbers, and Sprague with his "Address;"—for lo! the Pleasures of Friendship will soon have shorn them of their honors by "brilliance most intense." "Satan," a Poem, the last article, is a piece of considerable power, and some beauty; and the author would seem to write from a personal observation of that distinguished personage, or else he has a real brimstone imagination of his own. Let the Editor comport more with modern taste and opinions,—and he will more certainly meet the reward which would be his due.

Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution.—We have arisen from the perusal of this work, with the acquisition of much valuable information; and have accompanied the author in his sketch, with a great degree of interest. The details of the Greek Revolution are briefly, yet clearly given, from its ostensible commencement in 1820, until the month of August, 1827; about which time the narrative was broken off by the return of the author, a surgeon on board the Greek fleet, to America, his native country.

There is a charm about Greece, which none who are acquainted with the history of her orators, her sculptors, her poets, and her architects, can gainsay or resist. It rises like a beautiful panorama in the scholar's dream; it is coupled with the names of Demosthenes and Homer; with the glory of warriors and of statesmen,—our young and budding thoughts are associated with the majesty of her Parnassus and her Olympus; her statues and her temples; and when man has thrown by the numbers of the poet, or the page of the historian, he cannot fail to look with anxiety to the Isles of Greece—

"Where Homer liv'd and Sappho sung;"

where the light of knowledge once lingered in unclouded brightness! The dwellers in her climes have not lost the spirit which actuated the mighty of the past. The events of a few late years have shown that the Promethean fire of valor, and a thirst for independence, has descended, as it were, from that Heaven where her bards and heroes have gone; for an Epaminondas they have dis-

played a Botzaris; and her modern battles have almost equalled the fame of Thermopylae, and shed a halo over places in these latter days, whose light is as holy and sublime, as the renown of Athens and of Marathon. There are a few, whose admiration of the remorseless Turk, will not permit them to recognise the manliness and bravery of the modern Greek—who aver that they are degenerate in spirit—that among themselves they are divided—and that they are avaricious and cruel. With the eloquent author of the sketches before us, we envy them not their feelings. Who could expect from them that firmness of mind, and decision of character, which made their forefathers the observed of the world, when they are ground to the dust by oppression and cruelty? A reference to the records of their struggle will show that they seized the only favorable opportunity for a revolt, which has been presented for centuries: that her young men and old were binding themselves in secret societies by the most solemn oaths, to free their native land, or proudly perish in the attempt. Who can draw his sword in his defence, when an enemy has crushed him—and the foot of a merciless conqueror is on his breast? Their oppressors are cruel and despotic; and the honor of the Turk is more the honor which pursues untiringly the object of its revenge, than that innate sense of justice which intrudes not on the rights, even of an enemy. With them, the life of an enemy is nothing, and mercy to him is a fable; and if the modern Greek is degenerate, what shall we say of the modern Turk? They have degenerated ever since Amurat I. led them into Egypt—since Mahomet II. effected the destruction of the Roman and Grecian power, and took Constantinople, in 1453. Although Greece proper yielded ingloriously to him, yet he respected Athens, as Julius Caesar had done before him. But now the temples of Greece are the sport of the devastating Ottoman. He breaks the column as he curses the infidel, and calls imperiously on Alla, as his unholy footsteps echo in the halls of her high places, or with brutal violence robs the defenceless female of all that renders existence dear.

The work before us abounds with descriptions which often reflect the highest credit on the courage and valor of the Grecian heroes and chiefs. His picture of the state of the country, and the relative situations of the two contending powers, (of which we have not room for even the outline) is faithfully drawn from the experience and observation of years. His hopes and opinions are ardent and confirmed, in regard to her ultimate success. With all the distinguished personages of the Revolution he has had a personal acquaintance. He dwells in the most exalted terms upon the exertions and philanthropy of the lamented Lord Byron; and they indeed deserve the highest eulogium. Let those talented men of our country, who are admirers of Byron, look at the part which he has taken in the struggle, and pause before they write panegyrics upon the most unfeeling and cruel nation of the earth. Byron surely knew from personal observation, how to appreciate the character of both the contending parties. His stand was taken, and his arm lifted for Greece. His heart bled for her misfortunes; and he left his lyre, and grasped his sword, as a defender and a deliverer. He knew her cause was holy, his whole soul was engaged in the contest: and his last prayer was for her prosperity. He was not blind to the difficulties that oppressed people had to surmount. But he did not in consequence bid them bow in servility to the enslaver. The blow had been struck;—to remain inert was impossible. Liberty or slavery was before them; and, he did not condemn her valiant leaders for that indecision which the loose, divided state of Peloponnesus, western Greece, and many of the islands, could so well excuse. The latest breathings of his harp went forth like a warning voice to him who was laggard in his assistance, or timorous in venturing in the sacred cause:—

"Awake! not Greece!—she is awake:

Awake my spirit! think through whom
Thy life-blood tastes its parent-lake,
And then—strike home!"

The example of Byron can be said by none to have been given through ignorance of the subject; and the generous and disinterested appropriation of his fortune, his services and his influence, will never be forgotten. He has paved the way for more honorable aspiration; and hundreds of noble hearts from England and the continent, will follow in his train.

In regard to the bravery of the Turk on an emergency, and his obstinate resistance in a defensive affray, we doubt not but that they have just claims to the name; and we should be as unwilling as any to see the Russian flag waving over the walls of Constantinople, or her ships victorious on the Marmora, as we should to observe the signal of Mahometan success on every fortress in Greece. But, whatever are the means employed to cause the atrocious Ottoman to assent *per force*, to the independence of the nation which he would now annihilate, even should the treacherous Czar himself be the unworthy instrument, we would bless the hand that struck the blow. The truth is, the cause of Greece is the cause of christianity and of freedom. There are clouds in her prospective horizon; but let the assistance for which she looks to christendom, be rendered, and her chains are broken—her enslaved are free. Then will be joy with the Kleft in his mountain-fastness; the Ipsariote and the Suliot; the high and low will bless the nations who have aroused to her assistance. The author of the work before us, is full of well-founded hope in the cause; deeming that it needs but effective aid and co-operation, to give them back the unsullied heritage of their fathers. Who would not rejoice to see Athens arise from the dust—to behold the descendants of Aristides, Cimon and Miltiades gloriously free; and the cross waving above the crescent, from Missolonghi, to Scio and Lesbos, and from Crete to Macedonia? Let the children of those who are enjoying the independence which their fathers have won, make answer!

The Remember Me.—Mr. Littell has just added another to the many beautiful annuaries which have appeared this season. The *Remember Me* is entirely deserving the public patronage. Its price is not its least recommendation, being sold for \$1.75—considerably lower, in proportion, than the annuaries now before the public. The plates are very finely executed, and the volume is beautifully bound in silk. The engraving of the "Cherub," by Reynolds, is eminently beautiful. "Starlight upon Marathon" is another excellent plate. We recommend the volume as fully worth the price demanded, and we hope the publisher may meet with the liberal patronage which his enterprise deserves.

The Pearl.—This little juvenile annuary, by Mr. Thomas Ash, is got up in a very pleasing style, both as regards the embellishments and typographical execution. The plates are remarkably well adapted to the youthful taste—particularly that of the "Wentworth Family." Indeed, they are all appropriate. We learn the work succeeds well—as such things should, and as we hope all may.

Manie Wauch.—This is the title of a curious and very amusing work, lately published by Carey, Lea & Carey, of this city. It is the life of a Tailor of Dalkeith, Scotland, written by himself. We know not to whom the work is attributed; but, be he whom he may, he is a man of talent. The many anecdotes related, the extremely well-sustained character of the Tailor giving his own brief, and almost unimportant history—and the chances and changes of his humble but eventful pilgrimage, all related in his own language, prove the writer to be one well acquainted, by shrewd observation, with the scenes he describes. Some nobleman, it may be, stealing with a penetrating eye among the characters he would portray, and

then retiring to his chamber to touch them to the life. There are evidences in the work before us, of discernment in rural manners and customs, sayings and doings, almost equal to Sir Walter Scott himself, and we were in fact, disposed to think in many passages, that the hand of the Magician was there—and that the Patriarch of Abbotsford must have had a hand in it. But there is such an incentive to writers in Scotland to "put forth leaves"—that it leads us to believe there are thousands there who could, if they would, awake, and describe the scenes and the manners of those around them, with a master hand. There are so many glorious and hallowed hills and vales in that romantic country, that no lover of nature can feel, without expressing. There is a story in the present volume detached from the history of the worthy Tailor, which is one of considerable incident and interest. It shows the real style of the author; and it is vigorous, and beautiful. It is called the "Curate of Servidio," and has all the elements of prose which give such a charm to the Tales in Blackwood's Magazine, and the "Janus, or Edinburgh Literary Almanac." The author is no doubt, a contributor for some of these popular periodicals; and like Galt, regaling subscribers with the fiction of a magazine-page, and purchasers with a novel. We hope he who has so well begun, will not finish immediately. There is incentive enough in Scotland for the spirit of the painter or the philosopher, the novelist or the poet. It was among its towering mountains and quiet vales, that the soul of Burns first received the light of song. It is the land where Stewart lived and instructed; and where Scott has witched the world with his enchantment. With inspiration and fame at his command, a Scottish author who has begun successfully, need not fear of failure, either for materials for his fancy to work upon, or the richness of the concomitant fame which will be his guerdon.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

LAND AHEAD.—A new era has approached.—The convulsions which have agitated the political world, will be hushed in a few days. The clouds are beginning to clear away—the blue sky is appearing—and soon the bright sun will shine forth in his light and brilliancy.

Mr. Turner, of Philadelphia, has just published "A View of the United States, historical, geographical and statistical." It is said to be a good work.

A new article, called robber proof trunks, has been invented by Mr. Peter Laporte, at Providence. It is made of hemp and wire spun together.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAIL ROAD.—The friends of this enterprise will be gratified to learn, that of the instalment due on the 25th ult., not a share remains unpaid. The evidence of the unabated confidence of the stockholders, assures the citizens of Baltimore, as well as our brethren of the West, that no relaxation need be feared in the vigorous prosecution of this truly splendid work.

The Lehigh Chain Bridge at Allentown, Penna. which has been rendered passable after injury sustained by a late fire, has been broken down by having one of the chains broken by a large piece of rock thrown into the air by a blast of the workmen of the Mauch Chunk Company, who are excavating a canal in the vicinity. It will soon be rebuilt.

Wm. Edwards, an apprentice to a gun smith in Muncyborough, Penn. was killed, recently, by the explosion of a gun barrel, which he was about to repair, in which a charge of powder had remained nine years.

DARING ROBBERY.—On Tuesday week, three of the western stages were plundered of their baggage on the Schenectady turnpike, about three miles from Albany. They did not cut, but deliberately unbuckled the straps of the boot which contained the trunks of the passengers, broke them open, but very fortunately there was little or no money in them. One of the trunks, containing sixty dollars, the little all of an industrious young man, is missing.

The amount of receipts and expenditures of the New York city government is published once a fortnight. In the last account published, the receipts of the preceding fortnight were \$29,354 81; and the expenditures, \$29,351 19; balance in the treasury \$3 62.

FROM THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1829.

IN CÆLIO QUIES.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darken'd shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eyes above,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

But O! if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom;
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Not always be forgot
Thy better rest in Heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
Tell of a time to die;
Sweet hope shall whisper then—
"Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond thy ken,
There's rest for thee in Heaven!"

THE TIMES.

The times—the times—I say the times,
Are getting worse than ever;
The good old way our fathers trod
Shall grace their children never—
The homely hearth of honest mirth—
The traces of their plough—
The places of their worshipping,
Are all forgotten now.

Farewell, the farmer's honest looks,
And independent mien—
The tassel of his waving corn—
The blossom of the bean—
The turnip top and pumpkin vine—
The produce of his toil,
Have given place to flower pots,
And plants of foreign soil.

Farewell, the pleasant husking night—
Its merry after-scenes,
When Indian pudding smoked beside
The giant pot of beans;
When ladies joined the social band,
Nor once affected fear,
But gave a pretty cheek to kiss
For every crimson ear.

Affected modesty was not
The test of virtue then,
And few took pains to swoon away
At sight of ugly men—
For well they knew the purity,
Which woman's life should own,
Depends not on appearances,
But on the heart alone.

Farewell to all the buoyancy
And openness of youth—
The confidence of kindly hearts—
The consciousness of truth—
The natural tone of sympathy—
The language of the heart—
Now curbed by fashion's tyranny,
Or turned aside by art.

Farewell, the jovial quilting match—
The song and merry play—
The whirling of the pewter plate—
The many pawns to pay—
The mimic marriage brought about
By leaping o'er the broom—
The good old play of blind man's buff—
The laugh that shook the room.

Farewell the days of industry—
The time has glided by,
When prettiest hands were prettiest
At making pumpkin pie—
When waiting maids were needed not,
And morning brought along
The music of the spinning wheel,
And milkmaid's careless song.

Ah! artless days of innocence—
Your dwellings are no more—
And we are turning from the path
Our father's trod of yore—
The homely hearth of honest mirth—
The traces of the plough—
The places of their worshipping,
Are all forgotten now.

AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHORESS.—It was well known that Colley Cibber had a daughter named Charlotte, who, like him, took to the stage: her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, affliction, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1753 she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read: she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Clarke, a musician long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington, in the parolous of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the New River Head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansing of streets. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings covered with mud up to the very calves, which gave them an appearance much in the style of half-boots. We knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, else we might have doubted, the feminine gender, a perfect model for the *Copper Captain's* tattered landlady, that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule a Wife*. She, with a torpid voice, and hungry smile, desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself, was a dresser; clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf platters, and underneath a pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle piece, by a fire merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which, by way of welcome, chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet, on the flounce of her dingy petticoat, reclined a dog, almost a skeleton!—he raised his shaggy head, and, eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele, these are friends." The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate, a mingled effort of authority and pleasure!—Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description; no wonder the creature barked! A magpie perched upon the top ring of her chair, not an unseemly ornament; and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows—the pipe was gone—an advantage in their present office; they served as a succedaneum for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to the stump—she had but one! A rough deal board, with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience, on which, without further ceremony, we contrived to sit down and enter upon business.—The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy.—The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forth her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation! The bookseller offered

FIVE! Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of authorcraft; he, seeing both parties pertinacious, at length interposed; and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk, which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly, to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to.

Such is the story of the once admirable daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureat, and patentee of Drury lane, who was born in affluence, and educated with care and tenderness—her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet, unmindful of her advantages, and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

FOX, THE QUAKER.—This individual, many years deceased, was a most remarkable man in his circle; a great natural genius, which employed itself upon trivial or not generally interesting matters.—He deserved to be better known than he was. The last years of his life he resided at Bristol. He was a great Persian scholar, and published some translations of the poets of that nation, which were well worthy perusal. He was self-taught, and had patience and perseverance for anything. He was somewhat eccentric, and had the quickest reasoning power, and consequently the greatest coolness, of any man of his day, who was able to reason. His house took fire in the night; it was situated near the sea; it was uninsured, and the flames spread so rapidly nothing could be saved. He saw the consequences instantly, made up his mind to them as rapidly, and ascending a hill at some distance in the rear of his dwelling, watched the picture and reflection of the flames on the sea, admiring its beauties as if it were a holy day bonfire.

GAMING.—A French woman who resided on her estate in the country, falling ill, sent to the village curate, and offered to play with him. The curate, being used to gaming, gladly entertained the proposal, and they played together till he lost all his money. She then offered to play with him for the expenses of her funeral, in case she should die. They played, and the curate losing these also, she obliged him to give her his note of hand for so much money lent, as her funeral expenses would amount to. She delivered the note to her son, and died within eight or ten days afterwards, and the curate was paid his fees in his own note of hand.

A Springfield editor, in answer to a brother editor, says that although their pumpkins were carried off by the fall flood, yet there will be no lack of pumpkin pies, as there is a good supply of winter squashes left, from which better ones can be made.

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